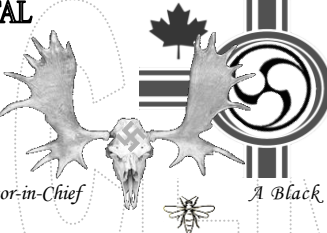



DO NOT BE JUDGMENTAL
But please feel free
to take this
most important leaflet
home to read in peace.

Pip Argot, Editor-in-Chief



Peace with Fear Is Not Peace


Castor l'Oie, o.c.n, f.c.



NE PAS ÊTRE JUDICIAIRE
Mais s'il vous plaît n'hésitez pas de prendre
cette brochure la plus importante à lire
en paix.

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RAHOWA



The tree reaches up into the sky but the roots are always grounded.
Never forget your identity.

Life is a privilege not a right – and it must be protected... just
like the land. Together we can protect it.

The graven chorale of our august archfolk cries out to us trueborn Canadians from the ancient ossuary of our connatural memory, saying:

“Are you hosers punks!? or what!? Who are these corse maggots!? these Kalergian *homines novi* which pollute our *res politeia*!? these *darnel tares sown in our midst* whilst y^e scornful scions slept shrouded in the spurious dreams of a politically correct multicultural global village: Strothe! ‘tis in reality *a slummy rachmaniac nightmare* from which there be no hope of awakening.

“Sure, eh! Weeds may have naught but shallow roots, yet *they* wildly reproduce, smothering ‘*learnable*’ swords and robbing the roots of trees of nutrient life. Hence, you pureborn Canucks are likewise doomed to either be assimilated into *a borgery “pinko collective”* - so quit struggling... - cease resisting... kowtow to the mob worship of *Moloch the “quabbaalistic” Golden Calf* ³³⁺ and *Mendes the Satanic Goat of Ritual Sacrifice* (i.e. best contemporarily self-identified as LBGIT“?” Liberalism and-or the “crass commercialization” of politically correct Conservatism). Or being one of the silent minority.

“Mark this well, O y^e chit-bairn! These *nonnative aliens* unceremoniously grafted onto the caudex of our familial nation are **the death of Canada**... and **you have no hope for survival – no future as free peoples –** and there be *no sanative panacea* for the acrimonious bane rotting your hearts. This is the end. And no one will laud eulogies o’er you; instead, ‘dancing Israelis’ will piss on your holted fonds – *a fiery erasure of our voices from the opus of history.*”

Isaiah 19:2, 3

How can *our ancestors* forgive us for not protecting what they bequeathed us? we gentile kindred who have abandoned our children to *a curse of ((hebevil)) blood libel*: “δικα τους αίμα αυτού ἐφ’ ἡμᾶς καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ τέκνα ἡμῶν.” those of us, O Canada, who have forgotten where we come from! we whom were trusted with the inherent responsibility of caring for our Motherland – a duty passed on to us generation-by-generation by our colonial forefathers.

Who is to blame!? for shadowing us *all* in cold-growing eternal darkness!?

In order to liberate ourselves (and our progeny) we must **repent and rebel...** oi! We have no choice but to bind together as one mighty faggot and fight against and defeat that **God-damned (((‘kosher’ fiat-demon)))** sicced upon us by the **oligarchic nobiltà nera** and thaim **traitorous tax-farming parliamentary quislings** which have ((kyklish)) hands up their ‘*gylden sātenustic arses*’ – those importune belly-speaking perjurers putting *candy-coated words* in their ‘*bungloutish*’ mouths and “*drops of poison into the whole ear of Canada.*”

So mote it be that we too-trusting chumps must cleanse our body politick of their vile lies and foul half-truths concerning *the occult legalese of a cash-and-carry injustice system* and Hegelian application of **International Maritime Admiralty Law** which “hegemonizes and controls the urban as well as rural poor” – *as Albion’s haredic tyrants didst to the Méacutetis here, in Canada... and to the Boers and Afrikaans, in Africa... and to the Albanian Christians who perished in the Deir ez-Zor death camps of the Syrian desert... and to the Syvobodniki “Sons of Freedom” also here, in Canada, before WW2 – and, likewise, the Nipponese during WW2... and to our Germanic brethren who were made to suffer and die in Eisenhower’s Rheinwiesenlager – a fate even worse than life and death in Stalin’s gulags... and to the poor Palestinians ceded to the Herzlian Zionists prior to the creation of the Terrorist State of Israel... etc.*

If youse peeps daint return to what we – as a family – once were... and fain understand who we were meant to be... to respect the radixial knowledge of *our sacred ‘fons et origo’*... thence shalt these strangers surely destroy everything we and ours are and. like *a wildfire*, they will consume all that we were: *our memories, our nonpareil identity, and our hopes and ‘ne plus ultra’ idéals.*

Have no doubt about it, compatriots: **Our Motherland is in danger.** We, as gens, must go back to our inception – and return to *our heart’s essence – to the Solutrean wellspring from which our precious blood flows.*

Be assured, **we are allowed to do this.** It is the desire of our ancestors that we do so, but *the heart of our children has been removed, and our body politick drained of its life.* We no longer breathe as free people, though we have mouths to do so... and brains to reason... and purpose to be (and primal wont to ‘quick become’)... and hearts to bleed emphatically... a soul of love to be shared. *Selaf*

And sure as *the heart is the center of our existence* – our love connection with the land – *without a heart we have no essence* and we lose *our* bond to the soil, eschewing *the umbilical compact of our dead* laid to rest therein.

Our grandparents once told the stories of our ancestors, whose European seed sprouted and delved deep into this native soil. They were wise. They believed our branches that would stretch into the heavens toward the sun... toward the stars... *e’er reaching out to our God through eternity.* But *symbiotic doppelgangers* which have no sanguine vehemence for *true Canadian ichor*, or “ardorous paradore” of our body politick – the flesh of which these queer ghouls hungrily devour – lycanthropes tearing at our grit - vampires drinking our “living grail.”

And we who belong here, though *we return to the dirt under our feet of clay in death...* we suffer a sad fate far worse than cessation of our fecundating mortal existence... and zombificate cannibalizing our nascent “open-arm” polity.

Such it be that our streets (and our homes) fill up with *the babalous gash of the Third World... scummy pretenders* which knoweth us not nor care one iota about **what it truly means to be Canadian.** Neither do these crass uncocs give a good gawdamn about any of us, our families, our tribes, our clans, our nation or *our sacrosanct raison d’être.* In short, they don’t care about who we really are – and they never will.

‘Twas best said in “*The Lawnmower Man*” (1992):

Jobe Smith:

This technology has peeled back a layer to reveal another universe. Virtual reality will grow, just as the telegraph grew to the telephone - as the radio to the TV - it will be everywhere.

Dr. Lawrence Angelo:

You’re having delusions, Jobe. Struggle for reason!

Do you carry love for our people in your heart?

Were you born here of parents and grandparents who were born here?

Have these *foreign devils* honestly escaped the pain and death *that* their people wrought in their past – those horrors which they flee from and seek refuge in our homeland? or do *they bring terror within their hearts and thoughts* here into our country!? Woe worming into our pitstone and making sick our soul.

Our forefathers *also* escaped pain and death in their day and age: **Huguenots** which fled the **Wars of Religion** in France; **Gaelic crofters** from the Highlands in want of political and religious refuge; impoverished **Irish, Welsh and English folk** escaping sectarian hostilities [] and, at the turn of the last century, “*stalwart peasants in sheepskin coats*” from Eastern Europe which were brought here by **Clifford Sifton and Frank Oliver** – in league with **Baron von Hirsch’s Jewish Colonization Association of London and New York** - to settle the vast expanse of Canadian prairie: land stolen from the Métis and Indians by *Boschean paper-wielding forked-tongue pigs* which looted us of our cake ere we hadst a taste of it: our sovereign freedom and *our* constitutional privileges... our *very* thoughts are enacted into custody and by by-law our voices censored... our streets we cage in and human interaction replace with the cold indifference of “hive-mind” **Artificial Ignorance (AI).** All-the-while, persistent downsizing of just about everything and anything that money can buy haply skips hand-in-hand with lemminglike innocence up the ramp and into the abattoir of the **Beast System Apocalypse...** continuous increases in cost of living expenses and inflatve taxation without bone fide representation have replaced Federal sincerity on issues of money-management of the public trust ... and anyone caught speaking

out against the lunatic pursuit of *a replacement population policy* or temporary foreign workers and/or students in civilly disobedient but peaceful defense of *our* innate homogeneity and *Free Will to Power* will be made to suffer for it

Sure, eh! Our ancestors *also* escaped pain and death in their time – and this is why you should respect and honour their memory (for they carved a civilization out of a vast expanse of wilderness which hath endured and prospered). This is why you shouldst *look into your heart* and seek them out... *to* learn from their wisdom. But you have been bewitched (by 80+ years of propagandizing mind-wash) and must be purified. You must *refute your gullible superstitions* and embrace the **Natural Laws of the Ancients**.

This is – or was – our country! These (((interlopers))) have no say here!
How can we ever be forgiven for surrendering our all to these (((pariahs))) without a struggle!? What answer canst we dare give to those first gentes to call each other *“canadieenne”*: O Canada, darkness shall shroud us if we don’t put an end to this nonsense damn soon and stop them (((strangers))) from poisoning the good topsoil covering the dirt wherein which our nuts were meant to root... to grow into the well-spring from which our future generations are meant to drink...

Our sap... our blood... our breath... our trust is being drained from us and we are dying; we are *slowly being buried alive by the generations* under an ever-increasing deluge of *Kalergian globalization* and *Soros-funded multicultural mass-immigration*. Thus, we have been made strangers in our own land... and that tsunamific horde to which we punked our inheritance is the *“irresistible force”* that ruins us. Mourn y^e not, *though*, Pilgrim, for what hath by guile and deceit been defalcated from us simple commoners – verily, cannot be denied our unborn progeny and *all* their descendants for ever. This is because *being Canadian means more than just simply having your name on a piece of paper* – that’s naught but a bill of lading! Just because you are here doesn’t make you a Canadian... in fact, a lot of people whose parents and grandparents immigrated here after the two world wars... good people whom substantially contributed to the treasures and archives of our nation, enriching us as a society, are not by birth Canadian – and never will be. A grafted branch is an unnatural appendage. All Canadians are blood-relations [] we be born of age-olden genetic roots which dip into many far-off wells.

Our children¹⁴ are the budding twigs of our future life as a race apart from others – and the flower of their genius is ineradicably established in *the dead bodies of our venerable ancestors* – and in forgotten hopes and forsaken dreams we indemnify their deeds. This burgeoning inflorescence carries the soul of our deceased relations. O drink y^e deeply from the root of our life.

God planted a seed within this Land Between of Promise: The Garden of Divine Love. The Red Man was put here first to care for it; but it was not good that he was alone... thus God deigned to send him a suitable mate to help. Thus God caused the Red Man to sleep and took from him the Lady of the Rib – and closed up the hole in his side with flesh. And from the Lady of the Rib which had been taken from the Red Man – God madeth a companion for the Red Man, who thence sayeth: “This is now the bone of my bones and the flesh of my flesh.”

Our Mother holds all of the Lord’s wisdom within her [] and like the soil we be planted within, *her womb is the nexus of “new life.”* For millennia we have sought our way back into this Garden... but we are so blind that we haven’t come to realize *that* this Garden be within us *all*: within our hearts... within our thoughts (and memories)... within our hopes and dreams...

Sech it is *that* we have forgotten our beginnings – and so *we* live in denial of *the crux of the matter* – *that* ‘tis we, we ourselves, which banished us from the erbere of our pleasant memories and separated us from our natural fruits. O but! Oi yoi yoi how our fruit hath rotted ‘pon the branch! poisoned by (((a worm))) which laid *its* eggs within the pipstone, gnawing its crust and constricting ‘round *the sprout of the “tree of our lives”*: O which of *all* our children’s children shall ne’er know life enough to commemorate us in remembrance of *our natural state of being*. How can they know *that* they have lost their way (in darkness). Yet they be thaim *stumblind foyles* who deign to sensibly accept the fact *that* they be hopelessly lost (in darkness). Nay! I assure you, citizen comrade: “They be *nepenthesiac dopiates* – a withering destruction of the branch – O woe but how our Tree of Life needs be pruned.”

“Tie two birds together... - even though they have four wings they cannot fly.”
The Blind Man, *The Silent Flute / Circle of Iron* (1978), Bruce Lee

This sickness afflicting us *all* – pipstone, fruit, flower, leaf, twig, and branch, pith and bark – is not hidden! It is *plain as day undeniable*. Know y^e not how *Elias he’pt the blind man of Bethsaida*. Clean the gunk out of your

eyes, hoser, eh! Awaken y^e to a new way of seeing. Sure ‘nuff, huh! But the odious ill will of these alien newcomers injected into our society [] are blind to the intrinsic beauty of our “tribes, clans and race” and are only capable of mimicking us, like apes, and, *worser still*, by conforming to *réduction d’absurde logic*... evolutionarily-speaking, regressing us to *a dodoish sticks-and-stones zeitgeist*.

For more than a decade of decades these blind followers of the blind have sought for it – this precious perle of great price – selfishly seeking after its destruction. That is why we “children of our Mother” are *the Creators* – and *the “Guardians of Life.”*

Open your eyes and see what is within you – it is reflected in everyone you encounter, everywhere you go. Listen to *the “palmariustic” song of thy heart*: Harken y^e! The dirt speaks to us and knows our voices. She knoweth *the secret desires of our hearts, too*. We sing to her with every breath – O woe! but how sadly doth our breath erode with failing notes... sounding flat and shallow – as if we were emptying of life with every smooch we ejaculate...: (I’m sure *that* you don’t understand... but surely y^e must feel it).

Mark well: It is our duty – both youse and mine responsibility to give ear to what she hath to say. More-so, know this: insomuch as she will protect and nourish us so *that* we thrive and prosper as individuals notwithstanding as a race – *the White race of legendary Ultima Thule* ^M born of the quasimythic *“Seven Daughters of Eve”*: (*cf.*, the many related tribes of *both* the Old World and the New World: Clovis flint-knappers, Aeneolithic Yamnaya Ochre Pit Grave and Corded Ware cultures, Hyperborean Kurgans and Scythiac Amazons – mounted warriors and the mytho-historic Tuatha dé Danaan, Gaels, Celts, Picts and Scots, Franks, Goths, Angle and Saxon, Rus and Hun, and Sea Kings).

Our Mother loves our people... she loves our children, *too*... and she loves our hopes and *our* dreams. So why is it that we are splashing around and trying to keep afloat...? O why must we be nearly drowned in this manufactured Deluge?

Our branches reach into the sky. Our roots forever grounded. Never forget *that* a nation is neither *its* land nor *its* natural resources; it is *its* people. **Remember, Brethren, our true body politick.**

The Méacutetis are a sacred reunification of a protolithonic half-tribe that was divided by the rising water of the Atlantic Ocean during the last melting of the glaciers.

D.M.: Creation of the Mediterranean Sea: The water of the Atlantic Ocean rose during the last melting of the glaciers. ‘Twas a time forgotten whence those rising waters flooded betwixt Peninsular Spain in Europe and Morocco in North Africa, creating the Strait of Gibraltar, filling the Alboran Basin to form the Balearic Islands, Corsica and Sardinia; and by filling the Tyrrhenian Basin and submerging the marshy wetland corridor connecting the Italian Boot and Tunisia – so too was the Adriatic Sea created *at this time*; ‘twas whence both the Ionian and Levantine Basins flooded – their rising waters submerging the Platonic Atlantean Landbridge (i.e., a proto-historic Archipelago between Egypt and Libya from Greece) of which only Crete remains... the Black Sea (and Caspian Sea) were but lakes.

Allas! I leste hyr in on erbere;
Pur3 gresse to grounde hit fro me yot.
I dewyne, fordolke of luf-daungere
Of þat pryuy perle wythouten spot.
Alas! In a garden I lost it, let
It go to the ground on a grassy plot.
Bereft of love, I am racked by regret
For Pearl, my own Pearl without a spot.

Jacques Cartier *is* our patriarch.

Matthew 27:25
דָּם יְהוָה עָלֵינוּ וְעַל יִלְדֵינוּ
“τοαίμαΤουεἰναιπάνωμασκαγιαταπαιδιάμας”
sanguiseiussupernosetsuperfiliosnostrosIpsum
דָּאָס בלוט פֿון גאַט זאָל זײַן אַ סוף אונדז און אַ סוף אונדזערע קינדער
دم الرب علينا ، وعلى أولادنا

I wrote this tract to honour the heroes of the Silent Brotherhood and Freedom Club and their ilk - those good folk which stand strong against all manner of commie censorship, as on social media, and in response to the falsification of history by forces unknown.